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CALIFORNIA
WEDNESDAY
NOVEMBER 21 1928
FIVE CENTS

VOLUME I NUMBER 41

DENE DENNY IN BRILLIANT RECITAL

Few pianists are equipped to present as daringly modern a program as that which Dene Denny played at the Theatre of the Golden Bough on Sunday afternoon. And few audiences are prepared to hear such a program understandingly.

Dene Denny was fortunate in her audience, many of whom had gone through the preliminary stages of resistance to modern music. Last year's concerts here, the intense reactions and the discussion which they stimulated, did much to prepare this group for sympathetic listening. Miss Denny must have been happily aware throughout the afternoon of that intelligent and responsive undercurrent which gives a recital its glow, its warmth.

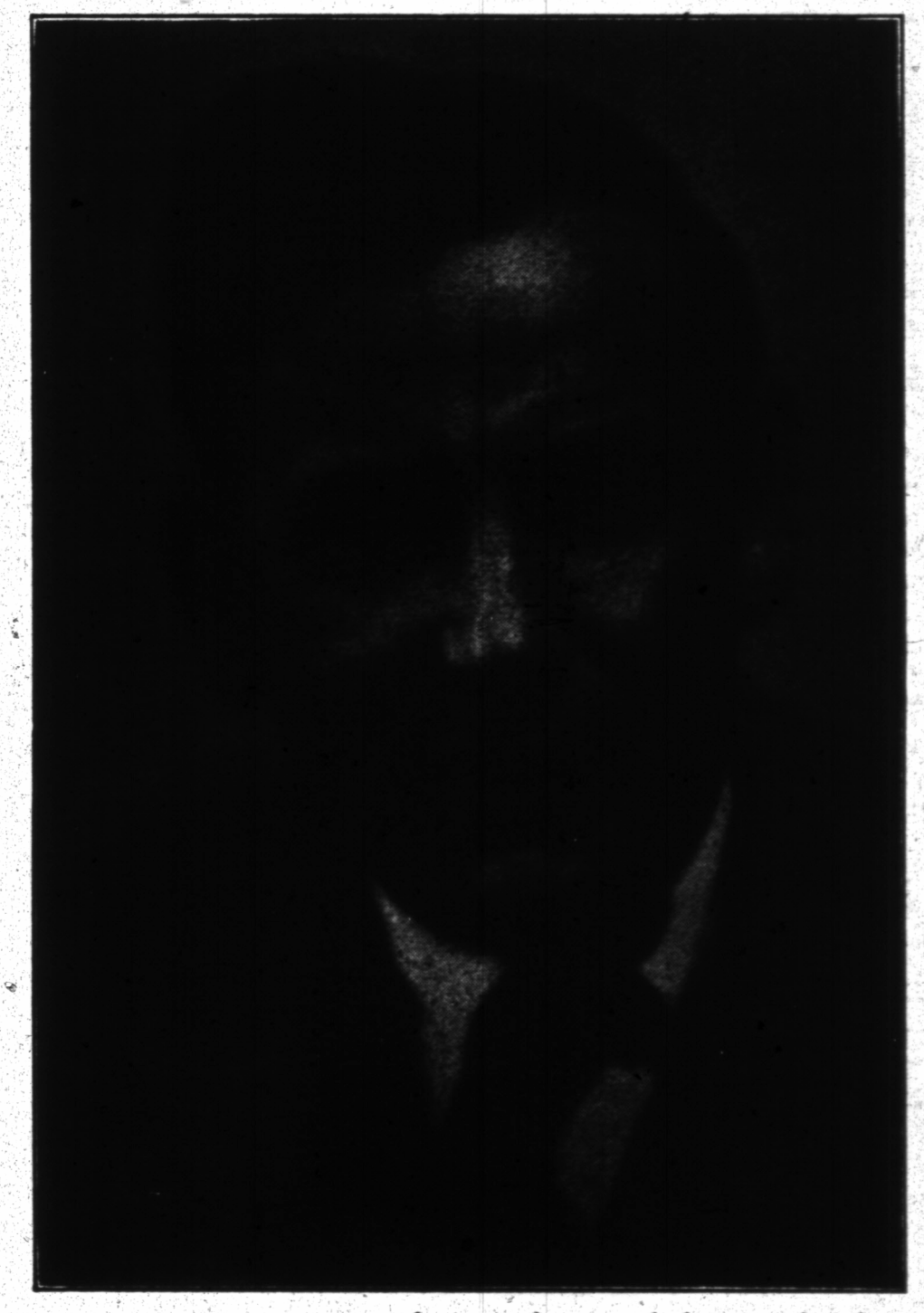
As an interpreter of music Dene Denny is like a window of crystal through which the composition somehow passes undimmed and undistorted. She is remarkably impersonal, projects herself restrainedly, studies the intention of the composer with an intense fidelity. To the satirical Marsch of Hindemith she gave a rich rhythmic resonance; the Moderato of Kodaly she drew in a thin line of tone laid on with the extreme economy of a drawing by Matisse.

Upon the program the tiny Prelude of Weisshaus stands out as a movingly beautiful thing—a simple, a spare, but a profound, musical statement. It was good to hear this a second time. It was good also to hear as an encore Henry Cowell's Harp of Life with its comforting diatonic finalities.

If on any program of contemporary music we fail to find that deep inner satisfaction which once came to us from a symphony of Brahms, or from a slow movement of Bach, it may be because little utterance of great depth has been made in our generation.

The clarity, the fine sincerity, the essential nobility, of Miss Denny's musicianship at least sensitize us to recognize that great utterance when it shall come. —p. g. s.

ORAGE



from a photograph by Ansel Adams

CARMEL AFTER RAIN

Peace has come down upon the passion-beaten sea
Like a great bird folding her wings upon the water.
Gaunt Lobos, seer of tragedy and terror
Frowns at blue waves too gentle round these rocks
Fashioned to split the sharp teeth of the gale.

Sung from this sombre brotherhood of pines
Peace is a silent anthem to the sun
Hymned through the shriven air,
An almost visible upward-streaming tone.

—Dora Hagemeyer

Carmel News

THE CARMEL MUSIC SOCIETY OFFERS A RICH SEASON

The Carmel Music Society announces that it is ready for its 1928-29 membership. Season ticket subscriptions to the Concert Series are coming in on every mail and indicate to what an extent the public is interested in keeping an Artist Series on the Peninsula,

The Series this year is extraordinarily good. It presents (1) The London String Quartet, (2) Ornstein, pianist, and Farbman, violinist, in a joint recital, (3) Spalding, violinist, (4) The Kedroff Quartet, that matchless group of Russian singers whose perfection awed a sophisticated New York audience, and moved Koussevitzky to call them "the most wonderful phenomenon of the vocal world today."

Season Tickets will soon be offered for Ten Dollars, which amounts to Two Dollars and a Half a seat for each of the four concerts in the series. As it will be necessary to charge Three Dollars for the best seats at the majority of the series concerts, there is an evident advantage to the holder of the Season Ticket to compensate for the advance payment. The reason for the campaign for members, which will start shortly, is to assure the Society that the program outlined can be carried out. Last season, even with splendid attendance at the fine concerts given, there was a loss on every concert.

Naturally such a Series needs to be supported. It needs the energetic and active support of every one who is interested in the culture and progress of the Peninsula, and in the education of children. The four types of membership extended by the Society make cooperation possible to all, and place the Society on a financial basis.

JADWIGA NOSKOWIAK BECOMES MRS. STANTON BABCOCK

On Monday of last week Jadwiga Noskowiak became the bride of Stanton Babcock of the Presidio, in a simple service at the Episcopalian Church. Mr. Bacbock's mother, having come up from Texas for the occasion, and his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Eells, together with Sonia Noskowiak and Tilly Polak, were the only guests. Miss Polak gave the bride away. Heightened by joy, the etherial beauty of the bride had a quality long to be remembered.

Mr. and Mrs. Babcock have gone to Palm Springs for a stay of a month, and will thereafter return to the Presidio.

LOST AT SEA

Among the hundred and fourteen souls who perished in the disaster last week of the steamer Vestris, was young Ralph Whitehead son of Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Whitehead of Woodstock and Carmel. Two hundred and fourteen, passengers and crew, were rescued, either from lifeboats, or from the water, in which two were found alive after floating for twenty-two hours.

Mr. Whitehead was a mining engineer, an honor graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He had served during the World War as a soldier; had gone into Peru and Chile as an engineer for the Standard Oil Company; and was on his way to undertake another important piece of work near Rio de Janeiro.

He was well known in Carmel, where he spent a long time last year. His parents divide their year between Woodstock and Carmel; and his brother, Peter Whitehead, is a frequent visitor in Carmel, also.

A CHEERFUL GERM

Among events of the week we must record a painfully continuous one—influenza. A short bob-haired variety, three days long, with high temperatures and early recoveries, and little damage done. The thing to do when it arrives is, apparently, to capitulate gracefully, put oneself meekly to bed, and in three days to rise again. This clever little germ sees through every bluff, and laughs up its sleeve at the good sports who stagger through the first day courageously asserting that they are really all right and aren't going to give in. If you fight the thing, it gets its teeth into you, and has you tottering about for a long time afterward.

There's one good thing about it, though. It makes an awfully good excuse to offer for refusing invitations. When the telephone bell rings, and you have a feeling that it heralds one, all you need to do is to begin your "Hello" in an awfully hoarse voice. After which you are safe from your friends for a good half week, and can even read the Saturday Evening Post without fear of discovery. Or if you are found out, they will say of you pityingly, "Poor dear. . .so ill he (or she) was actually reading the Saturday Evening Post!" (So far, however, no one we know has been ill enough to fall as low as the Literary Digest!)

THE PRINCE AND HIS PRINCESS AT HOME

David Prince and Wendy Greene were married at a simple service on a day last week at All Saints' Church, and are now at home in the Corrigan studio on Camino Real, near the La Playa.

LAST SUPPER

Now that the shutter of the dusk
Begins to tremble in its groove,
I am constrained to strip the husk
From everything I truly love.

So short a time remains to taste
The ivory pulp, the seven pips,
My heart is happy without haste,
With revelation at its lips.

So calm a beauty shapes the core,
So grave a blossom frames the stem,
In this last minute and no more,
My eyes alone shall eat of them.

—Elinor Wylie.

A FORMIDABLE DISSERTATION

To be quite frank, it was a massive and difficult lecture Dr. Bentley gave us last Wednesday at the P. T. A. meeting. The audience had come supposing it would hear something of the new Junior College in Salinas, and gave an almost audible gast when the lecturer drew forth a heavy manuscript, an outline of general educational principles formulated some years ago. It was a profound statement, showing the strong influence of the great dean of modern education, John Dewey. But the layman is hungry for specific facts and details. Generalizations leave him cloudy and unsatisfied. We have still to hear and to know of the work of the Junior College at Salinas; and we still believe, as we have heard, and of which we should like to hear more, that Dean Bentley is doing a fine piece of work there.

GOD SENT US WEATHER

Heavy seas again this week off Carmel. . . and again rain. Up sprang overnight a muriad myriad tiny green shoots from the earth. In the morning after the rain there was a misty green carpet where yesterday had been visible only dull brown soil. Half-inch high were these young sprouts!

And on the sands lay tons and mountains of tangled kelp, like giant Medusa heads, writhing in from the sea-deep. Mr. Slevin took his camera to the beach and came back with some interesting studies of them, which he has stowed away in a box somewhere at the back of his shop, but should be persuaded to bring to view.

This kelp feels so alien a growth, a mysterious and private sort of plant; as though, swinging and pulsing there with the tides, it had a rich and full life-experience inexplicable, unintelligible, to us. We understand the grass and the pines. But the kelp remains a stranger.

HERE'S A NEW ONE

The other day Harry Dickinson was feeling very good. Nobody had asked him to serve on a committee or advisory board for nearly a week. Civic and social activities were at a standstill because three quarters of the population were busy having the influenza, and the remaining quarter just as busy keeping out of harm's way. It looked as if there would be a little peace for a while.

But once you have the habit of civic-mindedness—

ideas simply make a point of lighting upon you and making you their victim. So in spite of everything, Harry Dickinson has a new idea. He says he is going to start sidewalk coffee-drinking in Carmel. Now that so many people are receiving their mail by carrier, so that tea has practically ceased to be served at the Post Office in the afternoons, what we need to develop is the out-of-door Paris cafe. What about the court of the Seven Arts Building, or down the middle of Ocean Avenue? We might even broadcast a message to Charles, "Come back. All is forgiven." Perhaps Pop Ernst would come over on his Thursdays off or something. Chess, checkers, and newspapers can be kept on tap, as in old English inns and Viennese coffee-houses. And Harry Dickinson, at leisure over his tall glass or a steaming cup, can call all his committees, commissions, and culture clubs thither for simultaneous conference.

W. I. L. SPONSORS ANOTHER LECTURE

Mr. Edward Berwick will speak for the Women's International League next Sunday evening, at eight at Unity Hall, on the subject, Something New in World Peace.

GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP OR WHAT HAVE YOU

Half the cast of "It Pays to Advertise" played against heavy odds last week, for influenza had them by the throat, from Rhoda Johnson, at the last without even voice enough left to prompt, to Connie Heron, who after racing through a brilliant and sparkling part in four languages, would crawl home to a hot toddy and a hot water bag in bed.

A chuckling audience looked on at the sprightly comedy, and never knew how nearly its valiant actors came to being carried out in a file of stretchers.

ANTICIPATING THE SPRING

Mrs. R. M. Eskil, chairman of next Spring's Flower Show Committee, makes a plea that Carmel gardens be planted this fall in anticipation of the flower show next May. "We shall need masses of your loveliest flowers for the main body of the show," she says, "and your rare and perfect blooms for the competition corner."

MAROONED

Ten days ago Mr. and Mrs. George Blackman drove down to the Big Sur for a few days at the Trails Club. Then came rains, washing out the precipitous road heavily to the sea—jagged canyons through and across the road bed, geology obliterating the work of engineers. The Blackmans had a party planned, in honor of Dr. Carol Aronovici, arriving from the south last Friday. But the Blackmans were marooned, and all they could do (besides continuing to enjoy heartily the beauty of that dramatic and rain-washed country) was to send messages of cheerful regret.

THE TECHNIQUE OF THE TALKING MOVIE

With Dr. Aronovici on his arrival here this week was his young son Carol, who took part, in the days of Maurice Browne, in dramatic activities in Carmel, and has never gotten over it. With his taste for the drama he is now combining his training as an engineer, not only designing and constructing stage sets, but making studies of the problems of movie acoustics.

For now that the talking movie is being accomplished, great changes have suddenly to be made in the production of pictures. Hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of lighting have to be discarded, because such lights give forth an audible hum. Directors must direct in silence, and sets be constructed so that voices of the actors will be reflected even in out-of-door scenes.

Aronovici Jr., as artist and scientific technician, is making the solution of such difficulties his work, and has moreover promised us an article on some of its most interesting aspects.

AN OLD FRIEND DROPS IN

Driving up from Los Angeles with Dr. Carol Aronovici and his son, came this week-end Garnet Holme, a figure familiar to Carmel during the summer, when the Forest Theater was undergoing its dramatic agonies in so sportsmanlike a manner. Now that the summer is over, Mr. Holme can really enjoy the town, promising to return toward the close of the month for another week-end. He has just come from Palm Springs, where he directs every year a pageant of the desert. The setting is the rugged beauty of great Torquitz Canyon; the coloring, that hourly-changing magic of the desert light. Spectators must walk the mile or two from town for the canyon is inaccessible to cars, and even the footing is precarious in bits. Mr. Holme writes as well as directs the whole, using for his cast the Indians of the nearby reservation from the Indian School at Sherman.

Garnet Holme proceeds next to the Yosemite, there to direct another pageant of nature, again written by himself.

Personal Bits . .

On Monday of this week Mary Bulkely was seventy-two years old. To our grandmothers that would have been a great age, attended by soft ministrations, and gifts appropriate to one soon to make her peace with God. Not so with Mary Bulkely, whom the gods have blessed with humor, an abounding personal vitality, and intellectual attitudes entirely contemporary. No crystallization here of the spirit, no sclerosis of ideas. The young intellectuals of Carmel recognize in this personality a leadership of the mind. Between them and her there is a comradeship which contradicts the old fight between the generations.

When Miss Bulkely came to Carmel several years ago, she came upon a cottage on Casanova which she liked, and bought. When friends asked her why she did not take down the sign which gave it a name, "The Breakers," she answered that she would not only leave it up, but was contemplating an addition to it as follows, "The Breakers, the Broken, and the Broke."

For some reason also, as we pause to ask ourselves what it is that explains the fact that Miss Bulkely is so remarkably contemporary to the young thinking of our times, we are reminded of the little lit'ry gem:

Every little boy or gal
that's born into this world alive
is either a little radical
or else a little conservative!

In the Carmel Art Gallery are two very interesting etchings of trees at Lobos, caught in their mystery and majesty by the etching needle of Cornelius Botke. From the south he writes: "There must be something radically wrong with me. I still like Los Angeles. . . But to prove to you that we are not entirely wedded to city life, I want to tell you that we have bought a small ranch in the mountains near Santa Paula, where we raise apricots, etchings, and wood block prints. We spend our week-ends there and enjoy it immensely. There is a barn that will be converted into a studio—that is if we catch the cow off her guard."

Mr. A. R. Orage, whose portrait we publish this week, after having completed his brilliant lectures in Carmel, has returned to New York.

Peter van Valkenburgh, the black-and-white artist, and his family, were the guests of the McKees over the week-end, and will return shortly to execute some commissions for portraits in the Highlands.

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The Theatre . . .

Resolved that: "It pays To Advertise"

Sitting at lunch on Friday the sixteenth, an anxious young man joined our round-table. It seemed that someone whose life, to him, had a certain value, was still laughing at the lines about ducks' eggs and hens' eggs and why. And you know what we mean if you saw "It Pays To Advertise" at the Abalone Playhouse on Thursday or one of the three following nights.

We have seen George Ball do this before, and know that he is never on surer ground than when he is building up the tempo and vitality of a comedy of this type. It started quietly, gathered momentum, and by the end of the second act was a rollicking success. We enjoyed the end of that second act. . . Three appealing young people in business; trust crushing them; all lost. And then, an order! But no soap to fill it! Only one hope—speedily to reach a soap-maker. A mad rush, the classified sections of three phone books feverishly perused, three vibrant young voices at three phones in one small office. Pandemonium. Curtain.

Due partly to the authors, but mostly to Lois McDermed, the female lead was not the tepid-soup sort seen too often. She moved with a lovely ease and grace and made Mary Grayson an interesting, intelligent and charming girl you'd like to know. Constance Heron played the wicked woman, versed in such things as swindle, blackmail and many languages. Many of her lines in French—spoken, by the way, quite beautifully—a few in Bowery and still fewer in German, she gave a smooth, suave performance. We missed only a certain metallic quality we thought a wicked woman should have in her voice.

There were so many in this cast to pat on the back. George Ball has never done better acting. Charles McGrath amused us deeply as the father; George Schmitz with his "Advertising, my boy, advertising!" played Ambrose Peale as he should have been played: big gestures, sure acting and a voice that told it to a waiting world. The languid eyelids of pampered Ellery, played by Eliot Evans, were a distinct addition.

And there was Charles Buck, playing William Smith. He made his entrance, said a little something in a way which immediately transformed the stage into a room, scratched the side of his nose, chuckled, made his casual exit, and the closing of the door was drowned in a sudden burst of applause, generous, spontaneous. Don't say, "But maybe he couldn't do anything else!" It happened. It was a perfect joy. Let it stand.

—Tommi Thomson

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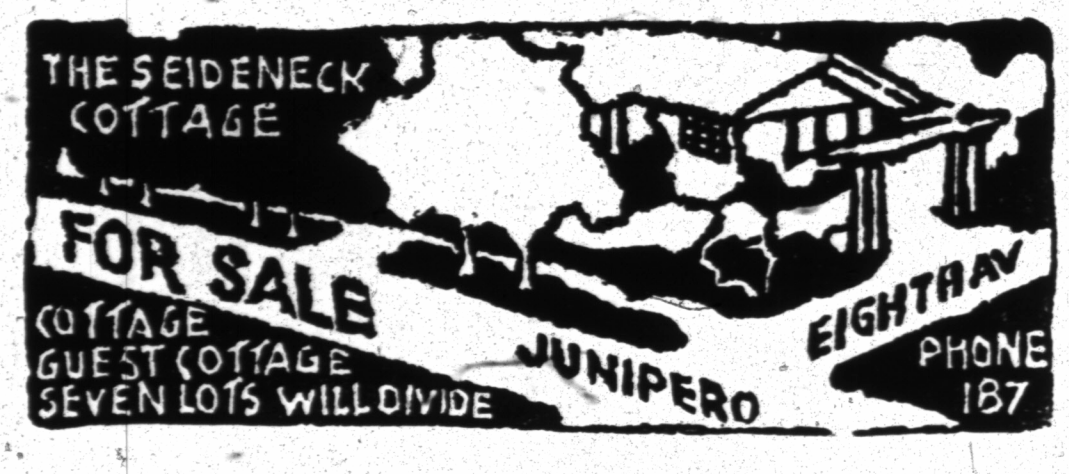

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World News

VANZETTI IS PROVED INNOCENT

The current number of the Outlook carries very important news, the result of an investigation it has been carefully carrying on for some three months. It has now adequate and accurate proof that Vanzetti, executed with Sacco against international protest, was not guilty of the first crime of which he was convicted. He had nothing whatever to do with the Bridgewater crime. The affidavits and statements which furnish evidence of these facts have been very carefully checked up and tested by the Outlook, and have been found to be completely correct.

The Bridgewater crime was planned by a man named Mede, and carried out by an individual named Frank Silva, with others. These men have made full statements, supported by the facts in all details, showing that Vanzetti was neither a member of the party nor known to the underworld of Boston.

"By way of corroboration," comments the New Republic, "Silva went in an automobile with representatives of The Outlook from Boston to Bridgewater and rehearsed the robbery in all its details. He described with accuracy aspects of the affair which were never published in the press and could only have been known to a participant or one who faithfully attended the sessions of the Vanzetti trial. He also showed an accurate knowledge of physical conditions in the streets of Bridgewater at the time of the robbery, some of which had been altered immediately thereafter.

The statement by Mede reveals the fact that he was urged at various times by the attorneys for Vanzetti to tell what he knew. For years he refused to do so because he did not wish to incur the wrath of the state officials, who, he believed, did not want their case against Vanzetti upset. At first he was seeking to get a parole, and afterward he feared his parole would be cancelled. Finally, however, only a short time before Sacco and Vanzetti were executed, he consented to go to Governor Fuller, and told him the whole story. Governor Fuller seems to have altogether disregarded this vitally important statement. Mede afterward, but still before the execution, tried to tell his story again, to Captain Blye of the Massachusets State Police, and the Captain, after learning with what it had to do, **refused to hear him.**

Governor Fuller's response to these facts parallels his answer to the confession of Madeiros, who was one of the gang which committed the South Braintree crime for which Sacco and Vanzetti were executed. Governor Fuller says coolly that he is not any more impressed with this confession

than he was with the confession of Madeiros.

Yet, as the New Republic points out, "those who know most about the case, and who are mentally competent to judge the value of testimony, attached and still attach great importance to the Madeiros confession. . . If Governor Fuller were to admit that these men are innocent, he would need to confess to himself that he had been guilty of a terrible piece of folly which had not only cost the lives of two men, but had done more harm to the reputation of American justice. . .than anything else in this generation. . . He is not interested in evidence which seems to show that in the greatest crisis which has come to any American Governor within memory, he abjectly and miserably failed."

* * * *

About the year 2928 an artificial man may be created in chemists' laboratories, according to a prophecy by H. T. F. Rhodes, secretary of the British Association of Chemists, at their annual dinner at Birmingham.

Chemists already know the protoplastic composition, said Rhodes, and all that remains is to devise a way to create protoplasm synthetically and to cause life to manifest itself.

"If possible perhaps a thousand years from now to create synthetic living beings," said Rhodes, "they could be set to do workaday jobs of the world, thus freeing beings naturally begotten to undertake fresh conquests."

SPACE CONTINUES TO SHRINK

Translantic telephone service was inaugurated on November third, between Vienna and the United States. On the same date the city of Pueblo, Mexico, was included in transatlantic service.

Vienna is the eleventh largest city in the world. Through the extension of transatlantic service to this city, 110,000 telephones and nearly two million people will be added to those in Europe, United States and Mexico now interconnected by telephone.

Thus in two years, extensions of transatlantic telephone service have made possible the interconnection by telephone of eight of the twelve largest cities in the world. Austria is the eleventh European nation to be reached by telephone from North American points.

The calls for Vienna cross the Atlantic via the radio link to London and thence proceed under the English channed by submarine cable and across Europe by land cables through Brussels, Cologne, Frankfurt and Nuremberg.

* * * *

Professor A. A. Michelson, physicist of the University of Chicago, came to Washington this month to lay before the

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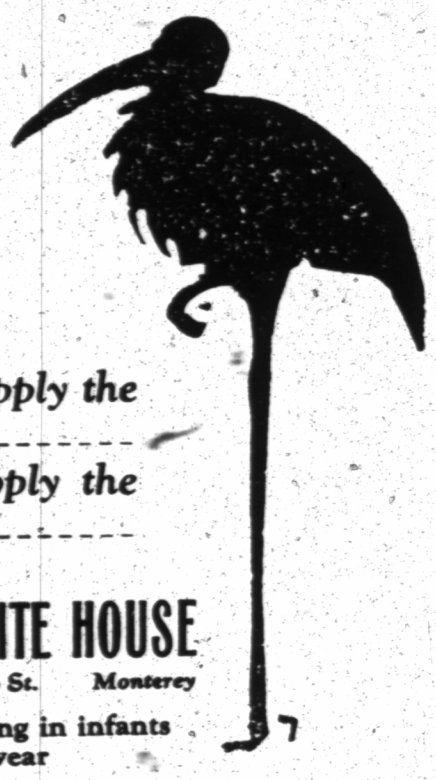

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Optical Society of America the results of his latest experiment on ether drift.

Once strongly opposed to the Einstein theory of relativity, he said that he has come in recent years to an acceptance of its results, but still regards as erroneous its assumption of the non-existence of the ether which physicists define as a stationary substance filling all space and serving as a medium for the propagation of light, electricity and magnetism.

The old belief in the existence of ether, through which the entire universe, including the earth, is constantly moving, accounts for every phenomenon in the whole range of optical science, Professor Michelson declared, except the bending of light rays, which was predicted by Einstein's calculations and subsequently established by astronomical observation. Until something as good or better is offered, he felt the belief in the existence of ether should NOT be discarded.

GOOD CITIZENS

The Friday morning assemblies at the Sunset School this year show refreshingly the results of giving the children freedom to initiate. Last week the student body conducted its own meeting, approved the rules formulated by their own Traffic Commission; set about the matter of selecting an editor for their news contributions to the Pine Cone and the Carmelite; and thereafter conducted their own original program, almost completely worked out by the children themselves. They had composed plays, which they directed and acted; they sang songs; they improvised a jolly little dialog. They proved that in a real school the teachers are relatively unimportant. A school is a children's community, and the children its sovereign citizens.

GAMBLING ON FUTURE MASTERS

Why do some people, that know very little about art, pay fabulous sums for famous paintings done by dead artists? Is it for the same reason that they buy a Rolls Royce when they could get along just as well with a Lincoln? I have often wondered about that.

The past is probably not nearly as long as the future of civilized history; so the chances are that there will be more great works produced during the later than former time. That would not be difficult to prove.

If one buys a painting to decorate that empty end of the room and pays several thousand for it what does he get in return? First the satisfaction of having bought something that many years of criticism have called a work of art. Second the feeling that Tom Jones could not afford to get such a picture. That is about all. When any visitors come to the house they pause, perhaps, before your pride and joy and merely utter, "Yes, a Rembrant" and then wonder where the cocktails are. And that is the end of the matter.

Now let's suppose this same person, knowing little about art, wished to learn and to develop his own taste a bit. At the same end of the room would be hanging a painting done in the last year or so and one of half a dozen he had had for a couple of weeks to choose from. In the other corner of the room was another on an easel will lit up. He kept one of several there all the time until he picked out the best, the one he liked the best. He paid a reasonable price for it and added it to his growing collection.

His feelings are not one of financial pride but of a sincere effort to pick out what he thought was art. The amount he paid was enough to help the young artist along for a time and more to encourage him in his work. Of course we know that a real artist will create even when near the starving point; but it is also true that the same artist might take a bit more time to his work if hunger were not staring him in the face.

Perhaps some friends come in of an evening. Some like one, some like the other. There is quite a discussion on the various good and bad points of each. There is much interest in the man who did them; he is living. They want to know all about him. They may even forget the cocktails.

Some day one of the artists becomes famous or well known. The value of his works immediately goes up, and then what an opportunity of letting your superiority complex out for a romp! It is almost better than investing in some stock and seeing it slowly rise, but you don't have as much to do with a stock's rising unless you are a financier of course.

So it seems to me that if all true art lovers would leave the old Masters hanging where they are, or put them in museums where they belong, and begin looking around for new Masters, art might get half a chance, more paintings would be bought and not so many geniuses would be making advertisements.

Besides, a dead artist needs no support.

—An American Student.

A CHEERING PROSPECT

Mrs. B. R. Kinkead of Palo Alto, wife of a San Francisco business man, a well known leader in liberal movements, and a recent guest of honor at a dinner given in Carmel by Dr. Amelia Gates, was one of the four "Radicals" who last Sunday evening in Palo Alto during the farewell to Herbert Hoover disturbed the peace by the carrying of banners.

Police quickly quelled the demonstration of these banners. (As un-American?) One of these read, 'Down with American imperialism!' Another, ' Not a cent, not a man, not a gun, for imperialistic wars.'

The Arts . . .

The following comment upon the present San Francisco exhibit by Stanley Wood appeared in the San Francisco Examiner of last Sunday.

Cooling Aquarelles

Stanley Wood of Carmel, who exhibited in this city about a year ago and who is holding another show at Vickery Atkins and Torrey, this month, has matured considerably and has taken on complete certainty of skill and joyful self-confidence. The aquarelles he is showing this year are entirely "Wood's," leaving no possibility to any one to liken any of it to any other water colors done by other artists.

The contortioned cypress of the Monterey Bay seem to have lost their appeal and are given a very minor showing in his group.

bathed in sunlight, the bare mountain roads of California, during the summer with the burnt hills over them; trees with their refreshing green foliage, fields running down the hill with spot-like trees on the crest of the mountain, are some of the subjects which now appeal to Stan. Wood. These he treats with a free hand that is not warm or greatly moved by emotions, but that is much alive and swift and gay.

Not solely depending on colors for their beauty, these water colors have fine mellow forms and sharp designs. Throughout this collection you feel that aquarelle is a natural medium to this artist and that it is a means to express his healthy love for life. You look at every one of these pictures and you are refreshed and happy.

The Dybbuk has ended its brilliant run, which drew audiences from up and down the coast to a magnificent production. The Berkeley Playhouse is now presenting, during week-ends of this month, the play "Enter Madame." Its leading role is taken by none other than Madame Galka E. Scheyer, the startling publicist for the modern painting of the Blue Four, from Kandinsky to Klee, who lectured here with the exhibit of their work two years ago. She is European representative for the Oakland Art Gallery, and last summer toured Europe with an exhibit of paintings done by students in her classes in Oakland. Her vivid and arresting personality will make the Berkeley presentation worth seeing.

Armin Hansen, painter of Monterey, is commissioned to make three murals for the Del Monte grill.

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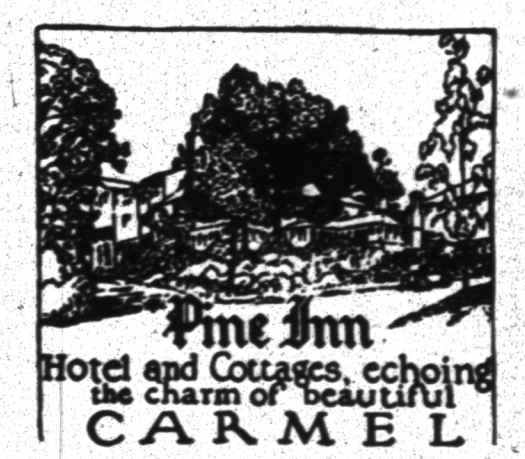
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CALIFORNIA

Published weekly by Pauline G. Schindler at the Seven Arts Press in Carmel

Subscription rates, two dollars the year; foreign subscription, two dollars and a half: five cents the copy

Entered as second class matter February 21, 1928, at the Post Office at Carmel, California, under the act of March 3, 1879

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Editorials . . .

FIXING RESPONSIBILITY

The causes of the disaster to the steamer Vestris, which cost so many lives, are now evident. Surviving passengers and crew bear witness, at the court inquiry, to the irresponsible and careless morale which governed the administration of the ship. Captain, officers, men, and behind them the company which assembled them and stood behind them, must have been thickly casual in their sense of the responsibility they undertook in sending innocent passengers upon the ocean in an unseaworthy ship, under the authority of men unfit to lead.

But rage is futile. And the "punishment" which the courts may, or may not, mete out to these men is little other than a gesture to satisfy the thirst for revenge. The energies of revenge can be turned into better channels. If we ask who is responsible, we shall get a specific answer, and thus be able to sharpen and point our anger at individuals, and hurt them in retaliation, and so be comforted. But if we ask what is the cause, we shall find only a vague and general answer; we shall need to dig down at the very roots of society, to find out why it produces men who don't care, men who are willing to live their lives so casually, so meanly, so hideously, that they can trap human beings in a leaking ship, and then when the moment of disaster is upon them, can set women and children in life-boats which they leave dangling between sea and sky while they themselves set off to safety in the few sea-worthy life-boats left.

How is it that society produces such men? Where shall we fix responsibility? A ship's morale is like that of an army. It has a momentum that carries along with it the best intentions of even the decentest chap, and renders them ineffective. The individual is cancelled as such. No member of the crew can be held responsible in this case, even though he may have succumbed to the contagion of a desperate morale. As for officers and captain, what manner of men were they? Incompetent, untrustworthy, and unfit? Yes, but they were simply that sort of men, rendered thus by the laws of heredity and environment. There is no coward who could not have chosen, if he could, to be the most gallant and the most valiant man alive.

The company should not have chosen these men? It is the company which is responsible? Now we come nearer to the center. And the nearer we come, the vaguer and the less personal and specific is that center of responsibility. Perhaps the president of that company is a charming and cultivated man. Perhaps the stockholders in his firm, whose money keeps its ships afloat, are among the best families. Perhaps they are all very much shocked over the catastrophe, and will help to rehabilitate the survivors. They are sorry, and without a sense of guilt. No one willed this catastrophe. No one is really guilty.

In the end we come to place final responsibility upon a generality. It is really the industry which is guilty. It is a system which is guilty. It is society itself.

BUT WHAT DOES THIS REALLY MEAN

Let us answer this in a somewhat roundabout way.

In the United States, and in California, and upon this Peninsula, are garages, and cleaning and dying shops, insufficiently ventilated, in which gasoline fumes constantly deplete the vitality of the workers. There are printing shops in which typesetters must breathe up daily the emanations of melted lead. Lead poisoning is an industrial disease to which typesetters are subject. Dr. Alice Hamilton of Hull-House, and Harvard University, and the United States Bureau for the study of Industrial Diseases, has made an official study of the matter.

These industries are consuming these men. Not dramatically and picturesquely. But gradually, little by little.

When we say "Society does not care" we are really saying "Nobody cares."

If the consuming of men by industry is to stop, if the casual sending forth of ships under incompetent leadership is to stop, somebody must be found to care. Beforehand. Society must be made to care. Society means everybody.

THIS MEANS

that everybody has a right and a duty to care, to care loudly and effectively. To care that garage mechanics shall have air to breathe ventilated of gasoline fumes. That tailors, that prisoners in the jute mills in San Quentin and other state penitentiaries shall be freed of the hazard of tuberculosis.

Our machine age operates upon the assumption that men exist for industry. An age of good social health would on the other hand operate upon the principle that industry and its machinery operate only for the service of man. This is obvious as a statement, but not in practice.

If we were to put it into practice our coal mines, our city offices, our factories, would be operating very differently.

If our civilization were to permit man to grow up caring; if man's jobs were jobs that the men believed in, rather than what the threat of starvation forced them to do; if in short production were for use and not for profit, we should have the sort of civilization in which the Vestris could not have been put out to sea.

ARE THESE "IFS" FUTILE?

In the last generation, and particularly since the war, there are many individuals who do not accept society upon the old terms. Many rather magnificent young men, for instance, who refuse to enter industry, the business world, even the professions, because their basis is unsocial and cannibalistic. These men are uncomfortable in our society. There is no place for them in our scheme. Some of them become artists; some commit suicide in dismay at the brutality of our life; some write constructive books on The Ideal State. These are the forerunners of the civilization which will care.

Correspondence

PARIS ENVIES US

To the Editor:

Yes I read the paper... Nearly every damned line of it...with rage for every letter. It is not sickness for Carmel. It is sickness for the satisfied atmosphere in which you Carmelites live.

You're all in heaven admiring each others' harps and wings, golden theatres, streets, of nacre, and all the Carmel Land Company's heavenly mansions. You make the rest of us, even in Paris, feel as if we were living in Hell's Kitchen before the rise in real estate there. Why should we like it?

You try to make us think there is another heaven better than the one we live in.

What I like are the comments from the folks who live in N'Yawk. They make me happy. Nobody who lives there likes N'Yawk.

THE NEW POVERTY

There is an exceedingly interesting essay in a recent Atlantic, on the Decline of Love as a Value, by Joseph Wood Krutch. This is a discussion of a fact which our lighter literature reflects more satirically —the fact that romantic love is declining in our times; that the acute sophistication we have reached with regard to the sexual bases of what were once idyllic relationships, reduces these relationships to their simplest and lowest terms.

Mr. Krutch believes that we have undergone an emotional impoverishment. The objectivity which modern psychology gives us with regard to our inner experience, and especially with regard to feeling, tends to annihilate emotional states. "Ah," comments the modern youth upon his behavior, as he sees himself getting very much excited about someone, "here I am being adolescent again." This cools his temperature. He observes himself in the processes of falling in love. This prevents him from completely "falling." It also provides him with short-cuts. He understands his objectives before he is really ripe for them. It brings about emotional elisions. And in the end he suffers not only emotional impoverishment, but a poverty of experience. Our very cleverness leaves us thwarted and emotionally sterile.

We anticipate the impermanence of love by a refusal to give ourselves to it unreservedly. The lover keeps his tongue in his cheek; the beloved is on her guard. The very word "love" is ruled out of the vocabulary of some of the more honest of the sophisticates, and left for the popular song. Fifty years ago poets wrote of Eternal Love; we sang songs by Brahms "von ewiger Liebe." But that was in the golden age. We are far too clever now to sing such songs, or to undergo experience of equivalent depth.

With the decline of love as a value there must inevitably follow the decline of love as an art. The modern woman is shocked again and again by the lack of artistry in her lovers. The more sophistication, apparently, the less art—an inexplicable contradiction. The American youth is scarcely aware that love is an art at all, requiring of him a greater subtlety than any other; whereas the European—the Frenchman, the Spaniard, the Austrian—has an innate feeling for the most delicate artistry in this field, like the Japanese and the Indian women who are from childhood educated for the subtleties of feminine technique.

And as for technique, it should have been here that we at least excelled—we, a nation of technicians. And yet Judge Lindsey and others who have made intimate and competent studies of the failure of the institution built about love, tell us that failures in love relationships in this country are to an appalling degree caused by general lack of knowledge of the principles of sexual technique, essential and specific principles.

The promiscuity of our modern life is fundamentally an indication of thwarted sexual satisfactions. Isadora Duncan, with her countless lovers, remains a symbol of the eternally unsatisfied and unsatisfiable. Another, one of the most brilliant of our living feminine poets, can find surcease neither in her own creative writing nor in many simultaneous lovers. Why? Are these an indication of a rich emotional life, or of its failure?

—Seven

FROM CARL SANDBURG'S NOTEBOOK

Isadora Duncan was a west coast girl, of stock that went back to a '49er who drove a wagon from the east coast to the west coast. In the height of her career, before the Mayor of Boston put his foot down on her doing any dancing and before people of pride and respectability, especially pride, had made it fashionable in large houses with small families to frown upon her, California considered it an honor that no original and picturesque a genius as Isadora Duncan was a legitimate child of one of the native sons of the Golden State. She was mixed of the same fire clay used in the making of Sapho. And she ran the race of life questing, seeking horizons, with the unrest of her great ancestor who drove a wagon and horse 4,000 miles just to see what he would see. She was so many sided a woman that there will be vivid biographical sketches written about her. We saw her after her last performance in New York leaning on the door of her dressing room, saying to a friend, "Come over to Russia. The light of the world today is Russia." She was a seeker of freedom. And now she is passed all bothering from those who liked to talk about her as a bad woman.

* * * *

The Christian Century has to say, "We are indebted to the Catholic Citizen for a bit of news to the effect that at a recent funeral in Seaford, Delaware, the procession traveled a mile toward the cemetery before it was discovered that the corpse was not among those present. The hearse had been filled so full of flowers that no one noticed the absence of the coffin." We agree with the Christian Century's comment, "This is a true story but it is also terrible; whenever a church is all organization; whenever a home is all furniture; whenever a man is all manners and clothes—and the list might be continued indefinitely—a situation arises which is not better then a funeral that is all flowers and no corpse."

* * * *

We notice where a lady author, in a widely distributed piece of writing, tells us, "The harp is generally the woman's instrument. Had I a daughter, had I several daughters I should want them all to study the harp. Almost all other instruments tempt young students to play frivolous music. The harp leads towards loftier heights." Further along we are told of the harp, "We take it intimately to ourselves as we take no other instrument. The haughty piano we touch only with our finger tips; the wailing violin reposes against the shoulder and cheek; but the adorable harp is held in close embrace, while we caress its strings with loving familiarity." And of course, the harmonica is played in a manner of one eating a watermelon and an accordion is manipulated by the method used in milking a goat.

APOLOGY

The poem of Jeanne Burton on the front page of last week's Carmelite is one of those to be published within a week or two by the Seven Arts under the title "Lobos Poems," with wood cuts by Carl Cherry.

Our publication of it omitted the important final stanza, without which its form is incomplete.

(Tor's satirical poem, The War of the Messiahs, published last week, brought forth protest from philosophical opponents, of which the following ironical bit is brought in by "First Grade.")

ANSWER TO TOR

Poor little Potato!
Of course we all know
Its only to feed us
You stay down below.

You never come up
Where the game is played
Till someone gets hungry
And uses a spade.

You'd scorn to be beautiful
Gay and aglow
You'd rather be edible
Awkward and slow.

You laugh at the garden
Where flowers contend
But the gardener looks there
For TRUE SEED in the end.

He gathers alike
Both the saint and the sinner
And takes poor Potato
Home for his dinner.

—"First Grade"

Old-time fairy tales dealt with far-off things, but the modern movies deal with the instant hour, and why they do not lead to instant revolution is a problem that would puzzle a man from Mars.

* * * *

Once a week the wage slave takes his wife and children to a moving picture palace, where they see people spend upon a supper party more than a working class family earns in a year.

—Upton Sinclair: "Money Writes."

Books . . .

EUROPEAN SOPHISTICATION

"Catherine-Paris." By Princess Marthe Bibesco. (Harcourt Brace and Co. $2.50. Translatd by Malcolm Cowley).

This is a tale of ambassadorial and diplomatic circles at the courts of Europe before, during, and after the war. A young girl, Roumanian by birth but Parisian by choice and upbringing, entirely innocent, marries a young roue of a Pole, who divides his time between hunting and mistresses. She is drawn into his family net with branches in every country, and into the web of his scheming mother, who wants the succession assured that the old family estate at Zamosc may not fall to the hated cousins, and who shirks neither lying nor subterfuge, deceit nor ruthlessness in her dealings with the young daughter-in-law. Catherine is led around the courts and here enters Wells' method: We are introduced to actual people and reigning monarchs as well as the fictitious characters of the story. And we see them in negligee, see their scheming behind the scenes as clearly as we see Leonilla Leopolska's scheming for a grandson: scheming which, though childish, ruins two peoples' lives. The authoress knows her Europe and one feels that one is being led around by a master-guide. Diplomatic documents are hardly necessary to explain the origins of the war after a perusal of this novel. "The panpan war," Catherine calls it after listening to the "guns" gathered at Zamosc; and one realizes how little those statesmen and gentlemen knew or cared about the people who fought that war. "The people" never come into their calculations.

The style is humorous, ironic, on occassions brilliant as the court balls in the Hofburg at Vienna; there is a remoteness about the atmosphere which conveys subtly and truly the remoteness of these court circles (before the war) from any contact with the real teeming life of their subjects. The authoress shows a delicate insight into character, of men as well as women, which makes the types she deals with, though probably unknown to most of us, entirely convincing.

"The possession of something which many other men desire becomes really flattering only when we have ceased to desire it ourselves."

"Between his wife who made admirers and his mistress who made scenes, Adam was almost happy."

The short chapter on the hybrids of Switzerland during the war is a vivid picture, acute, and completely communicated. (The reviewer was in Switzerland during the war). "Most of these (hybridized creatures) were women, who are liable to be infected by marriage with the canker-sores of an incurable nationality."

The translator has done exceptionally well what must have been a difficult task: translating, the light and airy style of this book is not lost to us in English, nor its irony, its epigrammatic character, its fresh sophistication. It breathes the indescribable charm of Paris,—even in English.

—E.W.

SCIENTIFIC GUESSES

The Alchemy of Light & Color by Oliver L. Reiser, Ph. D. $1.00
The Basis of Memory, by W. R. Bousfield, M. A., F. R. S. $1.00
Man a Machine, by Joseph Needham, Fellow of Caius College, Cambridge. $1.00
New Science Series, edited by C. K. Ogden.
(W. W. Norton & Co., New York City.)

Three books containing three brilliant guesses. How else though except by guessing may a scientist begin? In this connection and especially in deference to common thought, let us concede that the world is full of facts that simply litter the scenery. Even so, until a guess is made, human purpose has little luck in identifying suitable materials for constructing tools of control.

But even when a guess has been made, and dignified by being called an hypothesis, there is no assurance whatever that it is a good one. Usually it is not. Most hypotheses indeed are destined for the discard. Nevertheless, however faulty they may be, it is imperative that imaginative guesses precede experimentation to give it direction.

An hypothesis thus becomes a tentative touchstone. Relevant facts are selected; irrelevant ones discarded. If all pertinent facts fit into the hypothetical pattern, then all is well. If even one of them refuses to do so, however, that is another story. The scientist then has another guess coming.

How different is this actual procedure from the somewhat popular notion that a scientist wades about more or less absent-mindedly, knee deep in facts which, almost of their own volition, build themselves into patterns that he then records. This popular notion is of course slanderous. The scientist is no such passive, passionless freak. On the contrary it happens at times, more often perhaps than is pleasant to admit, that he loves an hypothesis so well that he is blind to its failure to account for all the facts. Fortunately enough, a scientific experiment may be repeated by hard-boiled skeptics. Thus it is verified or invalidated by objective tests that cancel out partisanship.

It is obvious now, I hope, not only that a scientist is not perforce a dull person, leading a useful but dull, uninteresting life; but also, on the contrary, that brilliant imaginations like those of our three authors—imaginations that are disciplined yet vivid and at times thrilling—are as legitimately scientific equipment as any dry-as-dust facts.

The systematized guess in "The Alchemy of Light and Color" is to the effect that color is objective as well as subjective. Here are two quotations: "Such speculations serve to loosen up our all too ossified habits of thought." (Page 13.) "If function builds structure, then matter is mind hide-bound with habit." (Page 71).

In the second book, "The Basis of Memory," the author postulates a psychic structure as the seat of memory within the material body. This hypothetical structure is a modification of the ether and for this reason is physical. On the other hand it is not material since it is not composed of protons and electrons. There is plenty of room for it. There is indeed so much vacant space within the human body that if all the protons and electrons were compressed into one mass, they would occupy less space than the head of a pin. This book is a good setting-up exercise for the muscles of your imagination.

In the third book, "Man a Machine," the author calls attention to the fact that science can tell only how things behave. To the questions of "What" and "Why" it is silent. Its fundamental assumptions are mechanistic and so of course as to man, only his mechanistic aspects are scientific material. Whether the human mechanism generates immaterial qualities such as love, hate, greed, kindliness, etc., or whether these in turn use the bodily mechanism as a medium of expression; or whether after all the mind-body, as Dewey names it, may not be interpreted as legitimately in terms of spirit as in terms of matter—all these are first-rate philosophic problems that lie outside the well-defined limits of science.

—George A. Briggs.

FROM "SCEPTICAL ESSAYS"

By Bertrand Russell.

The only discoverable characteristic common to moralists is the desire to inflict cruelty with a clear conscience.

* * * *

An honest politician will not be tolerated by a democracy unless he is very stupid, because only a very stupid man can honestly share the prejudices of more than half the nation.

* * * *

When a man writes his autobiography he is expected to show a certain modesty; but when a nation writes its autobiograph there is no limit to its boasting and vainglory.

The criterion of good writing is its approximation to speech; the ideal writing is the ideal speaking.

—A. R. Orage.

Poems . . .

CLOUDED SKY

Midday

Silver and dark silver,
The orchard is whispering with rain:
Only with the sun's safe gold
Will I come to the orchard again.

There is a ghost in the orchard
Eating the shadows of the fruit;
A ghost in the misty orchard
Drinking the sound of rain.

Midnight

Let all men stay in lighted rooms
Until this night has gone.
Shadows beyond earth's shadow
Have made this night their own.

Dark-lipped, with eyes of darkness,
Those who have eaten death
Are wandering without foot-steps,
Are sighing without breath.

—Mary de L. Welch.
(From Time and Tide).

OLD WINE

The boys with their golden limbs
Shine out through the tawny glare.
They race, and after their heels
The shadows in purple flare.

They dance from the sand and the sea
And shatter its blue as they pass,
Till the tide is frothy with light
And glimmers with bubbles like glass.

And Michael, Rory, and Teige
Are aglow with the Sun and the Wind;
For unto their rapturous youth
The ancient nurses are kind.

They drink the oldest of wine.
It sparkles like fire in their clay.
A Spirit breathed in the waters
Ere Time had buried a day.

—A.E. (from "Voices of the Stones")

THE WAY

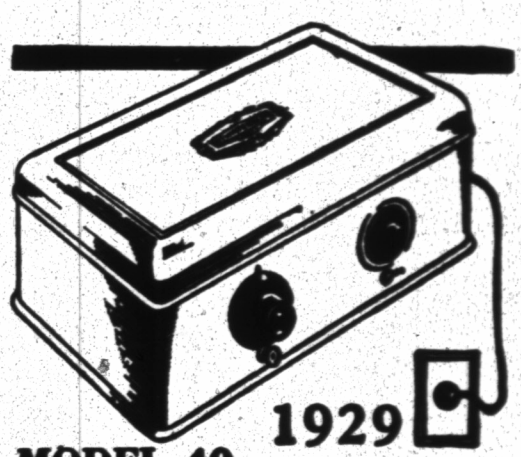
For you I would be a princess
But I have been a slattern so long
I have forgotten how to walk like a princess

Dear love, I would sing for you
But I threw my lute into the corner
And I cannot find it now

Humbly I go to lay a wreath upon love's altar
But my garden is full of weeds
I have no flowers to weave into a garland

Beloved how shall I hold you now that I have found you?
By tears I shall hold you

—marian da camara chace



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A CONSPIRACY FOR BEAUTY

by Ella Winter

Two things particularly have struck me, an Englishwoman with an Englishwoman's prejudices against America, during my first six months in this country. They are both facts little known abroad, and they contradict the impression of most Europeans.

The first is the number of experiments, social and artistic, going on in the United States. One hears very rarely of them; even Americans seem not well informed about them. For instance, California has for fifteen years had a unique library plan, a plan now widely adopted in England and studied in Russia, but few Americans seem to know or care about it. Three cities in America have municipal milk stations—not for the usual testing and distribution of cow's milk, but for the collection, testing and redistribution of mother's milk. I know of no other city that has these.

The second fact that has thrown my original picture of America out of gear is the number of communal undertakings that exist in this "individualistic" nation. Capitalism we think of as the antithesis of communism; it is, in theory and in political organization. But America seems to show that social agencies even in a capitalistic country can be as "communal" as those of a socialistic state. When I am "wanted and welcomed" by every town and village I pass, as I am in California; when I am told in letters of gold across the sky that I am "now leaving Atascadero the Beautiful, Queen of the King's Highway; Come Again"; when the scenic and commercial specialties of the country are pointed out to me by guide book, sign board, leaflet and personal guides in the trains—why, then the "individualistic" ills of capitalism do not seem to be so rampant.

But not all California's "communism" is as blatant as some of their sign boards. In Santa Barbara a much gentler and finer brand is shown; a unique and most interesting experiment in achieving civic beauty is being run by the Community Arts Association of that city.

Mr. Bernard Hoffman, a retired engineer by profession, and an architect at heart, had settled in Santa Barbara and saw in it a perfect experimental field for an architectural plan he had long harbored; not only to fit buildings to their environment, but to make the citizens like it and want to do it themselves.

The Spanish atmosphere so strongly felt all over California is at its most native in Santa Barbara; the Mission there is one of the loveliest; the sun, the blue Pacific, the easy, lazy air, almost tropical trees and vegetation, all make an atmosphere alien enough to Iowa, Kansas and skyscraper life. Why not keep it apart and different? The Plans and Planting Committee went to work soon after its birth. A competition was organized for the best small house design, not to cost more than $5000. Young architects found their opportunity here, and so good were many of the plans submitted, that the best have been collected in a book which has gone all over the world.

Now, there was one fly in the Committee's ointment. Early settlers had had few ideals of beauty and little architectural perception. Santa Barbara had many ugly high-storied houses which had no more relation to the town than the Standard Oil Building would have to a Naples alley. How get them to go? God stepped in to help solve the puzzle confronting the gentle Mr. Hoffman and his committee. While they were wondering, the earthquake of June 1925 flattened the city. The Committee seized their opportunity. Members of the City Council were persuaded to pass an ordinance making it obligatory on everyone, before they could obtain a building permit, to seek the advice of an architectural Board of Review.

The result is a town in which even the railroad depots, drug stores and filling stations are built in Spanish style with mellow gardens instead of glaring bill boards, and white plaster or stucco walls instead of red brick or brownstone fronts.

Naturally, the thing was too sensible to get by "constituted authority" for long, and in a few months the Board's powers were cancelled. But the harm was done. Many people came and still come of their own accord to the Community Arts Association for advice and help in building, and indeed it is almost necessary from a business point of view. For there is growing up a social and business ostracism of people who build private homes or business houses fitted to Wichita or Pittsburgh instead of California. And the town is becoming really a fairy city.

Shops are keeping their printing small and neat and no unnecessary advertising disfigures the fronts of those business houses that are cooperating in the community plan.

The Plans and Planting Committee never ceases in its work. It holds competitions, exhibitions and lectures. It organizes campaigns, picnics, teas, talks. It builds Demonstration Houses and arranges tours to see them. It publishes leaflets and pamphlets and books, printing and circulating the pronouncements of every distinguished visitor to Santa Barbara from Mary Pickford to the expert Editor of an Architects Journal. In 1925 it cooperated with Mr. Hoover's Better-Homes-in-America movement, and at once divided first prize (with Atlanta, Georgia). In 1926 it won the first prize alone—out of 2964 rural and urban competing communities. For the 1925 victory celebration a complete model house was set up showing how a family with small means could build and furnish without hurting the romance of California, Santa

Barbara started two features in the Better Homes Campaign which have been copied by numerous other cities—one, the house and garden competitions, the other, Garden Tours.

It is refreshing and stimulating to a gardener to see a show-garden in working clothes. One has a feeling that it would be sacrilege to copy from the monumental gardens of dead Princes in bygone Italy, but in Santa Barbara no such awe prevents one from taking hints.

But the cream of this remarkable committee's work—work which one might well have believed impossible in the modern "civilized" world—is in doing away with disfiguring bill boards. Its policy is constructive and not negative. Not only does it tell you—"Save the Beauty of America. The landscape is no place for Advertising," not only does it cooperate with the National Committee for the Restriction of Outdoor Advertising. But it designs the better looking bill boards itself, and gives intense publicity to those businesses which adopt them.

Their propaganda includes every form of persuasion, irony, ridicule, contempt, insistence, pleading and threats. One leaflet tells that the only reason one can still appreciate Niagara Falls is because it moves, and therefore no sign boards can be affixed to it.

The appeal made to business men is that beauty is better business than ugliness and, though at first this sentiment was derided by a large part of the business community, those few who put it into effect found that the committee was right.

Beside the work of the Plans and Planting Committee, there are the other three branches, and the General Activities. There are important enough too.

Little need be said about the Drama and Music branches because they are more like the drama and music leagues of other cities.

Can this scheme of a Community Arts Association to promote harmonious civic and artistic development and encourage appropriate house and garden architecture be applied in other communities? There seems no reason why not.

The people working with the Association are enthusiastic, energetic "practical idealists," and anyone who sees them at their work cannot but help catching the germ. Perhaps one catches it—as the community there is catching it—because one is not coerced; the whole thing is done by gentle firm pressure; by a slight "moral" boycott, but not by law. I remember a Fabian lecture some years ago in which Mrs. Sidney Webb outlined the Socialist State. At the end she was asked: "But what will you do with the man who won't conform—who won't accept your ideals?"

"We'll look at him," said Mrs. Webb, "Just look at him."

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THE MONTEREY CYPRESS

Some of the fantastic stories regarding our famous Monterey Cypress still survive and another has just bobbed up through a story by John Galsworthy, in Scribners, which refers to it as a Japanese Yew, having mysteriously found its way to the Monterey Peninsula.

It seems to the writer that we should discourage all such tales regarding our ancient tree which now survives, in its wild state, only on Points Cypress and Lobos, Monterey. A brief story of the discovery of this remarkable tree seems appropriate to mention.

It was first brought to notice in 1831 by A. B. Lambert, who presented a few of its seeds to the Horticultural Society of London, without indicating their origin. These seeds brought forth trees noticed to be different from all other known varieties of Cypresses. The tree was rediscovered in 1846, by a most energetic botanist, named Hartwig, and by him given its true name. Cupressus Macrocarpa, meaning large fruited cypress. It would seem to be appropriate to note here that only on Point Lobos do our trees produce large cones, among the 17,550 trees now surviving in their natural home.

Throughout Ireland and parts of England, many noble Monterey Cypresses are now to be seen over 80 feet in height; but it is quite noticeable that these trees lack in form the remarkable distortion, or strange twisting of their limbs, as we find them in their home.

In no particular does our cypress resemble cedars, of which there are only three kinds now in existence.

There are strong evidences that our cypress grew naturally in many parts of the northern hemisphere and is probably the parent of all other existing cypresses.

We have evidence that our tree has existed on earth upwards of a hundred million years.

It is unforgivable that our two remaining cypress groves are not now National Monuments, protected from destruction.

One tree on Cypress Point, probably upwards of 1,000 years of age, the "Octopus Tree," recently renamed "Ram's Horn," should be visited by all nature lovers.

The distortion of its branches is probably unequaled by any other tree in the world. Each cone on a healthy cypress tree should contain about 40 fertile seeds. To propagate, take them when they are three or four years of age.

—By H. A. Greene.

A man who wears plus fours is capable of admiring the Prince of Wales—that well scrubbed compendium of nullities.

—Richard Aldington.

THE MUNITION SHOW

On the 4th of October I was privileged to go on an official pass to the exposition of the Munitions Department of the Army and the Army Ordnance Association. The latter is "a national organization of American citizens pledged to industrial preparedness for war as our nation's strongest guarantee of peace." The quotation is from the official program, as is also the following:

"The Association is purely patriotic; it has no commercial interests no political alliances, and no religious affiliations. It is not operated for profit; its income is expended in furthering its aims. Its officers and directors serve without remuneration."

The Proving Ground owns and operates its own antiquated railroad trains onto which we were crowded, and carried some four miles to the Plate Range to see the firing of the great 16-inch Gun. This gun is the largest Weapon constructed for seacoast defense. It fires a projectile weighing 2,100 pounds a distance of about 30 miles when a charge of 702 pounds of powder is used. It weighs over 250 tons and can be operated, raised or lowered, or turned from side to side, by one man.

As I watched the firing of this great gun the thought that was uppermost in my mind was the stupendous expense of the whole exposition. The projectile fired so uselessly out into Chesapeake Bay with the powder used to fire it, cost $1,200.00. The average life of the gun is only 200 shots. What its cost is I was unable to learn, but one 200th of it added to the $1,200 just mentioned would make that part of the long day's entertainment a very costly affair. And that was only the beginning. Just what would our friends the super-patriots say, were the Peace societies to unite in presenting a Peace pageant at such public expense!

—Mrs. J. A. St. Omer Roy

ORAGE

The only thing that I can do that my body cannot do is to observe my body.

* * * *

As humans we are born to be Self-conscious.

* * * *

As you change your habits you increase your life experiences.

* * * *

Any doctrine not practiced eventually becomes its opposite.

* * * *

Character is a little bundle of wishes.

* * * *

One of the elementary requisites of a great writer is a ceaseless industry.

Outlying Restricted Property the Best

A fact well known to every Southern California realtor, but not yet sufficiently appreciated here, was voiced in a Pine Cone interview last week by Ray De Yoe, Carmel's Assemblyman-elect.

"In what direction does future development lie?" asked the interviewer.

"In the outlying districts," answered De Yoe. "Newcomers are attracted to the hills and valleys for space, and above all, for a view. THE TRACT WITH A VIEW HAS THE GREATEST POSSIBILITIES."

"Also the newcomers build better houses than their predecessors. * * * partly because by this time realtors have learned by experience that A RESIDENCE DISTRICT, IF IT IS TO RETAIN ITS EXCLUSIVE CHARACTER, MUST BE RESTRICTED."

"The history of all California beach towns is the same," De Yoe declared. The more prosperous buyer ultimately chooses the higher ground away from the ocean, AND HERE IS LOCATED THE HIGHEST CLASS RESIDENCE SECTION OF THE COMMUNITY.

Old-time Carmelites are often heard to bemoan their shortsightedness in having failed to take advantage of Carmel real estate opportunities in past years. But we believe that Carmel is as good an investment now as it ever was.

Land can be bought today in the future highest class residence section of this community at a lower rate than the original price of many of Carmel's lots.

Hatton Fields and the Mission Mesa embody in a preeminent degree the qualities named by De Yoe as ultimately attracting the most prosperous type of buyer.

We confidently expect that a few years hence we shall often hear the words: "In 1928 I could have bought that view plot in Hatton Fields for so much—why didn't I do it?"

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The Small Boy had been contemplating the installation of somebody's radio, very earnestly. The Grownup had made one of those evasive efforts to explain how it accomplished its marvels, by the subterfuge of vague exposition familiar to parents. Something about "catching the sound waves," and a little about electric current. And this is how the explanation registered itself on the listening mind:

After an intent silence, the Small Boy said, "Muvvie! I know what to do with a radio if it has lost its air bubbles. You tie it with a string to a tree—with a sort of an electric string—and then it gets its bubbles back!"

FROM THE SUNSET SCHOOL

MY FAVORITE HOBBY

My favorite hobby is reading. I like almost any kind of book but my favorites are mystery stories and stories about famous people.

Every time my friend comes down to spend the afternoon we always get a book and read to each other or to ourselves. It is very lucky that we like the same kinds of books.

I have read most of the books in the library and when ever I can't find any promising new ones I always take an old one. —Kathleen Macleish

FROM "THE CHILD AND THE WORLD," by MARGARET NAUMBURG.

A deep shock comes to the child in his first realization that the adult world is on false foundations. Grownups, he discovers, say one thing and believe or do another.

* * * *

We have been fooling ourselves too long about our modern advantages over the past... We must face a deteriorated present, in order to do something about it.

Materially, certainly, the majority of people today have more money with less labor; swifter means of transportation with less purpose; and of course, much more canned food, canned philosophy, and canned music. With the natural consequence that they have less digestion, less thought, and less taste than any previous generation...

We have accumulated a bewildering array of material possessions and cultivated a taste for myriads of unnecessary luxuries. But for what? Something—the inner meaning of life—is always missing.

CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR SALE:

FURNITURE: Hand-blocked mohair living-room pieces and other things. Box 1404.

CARS: Cadillac—Closed car; excellent condition; unusual bargain; Post office Drawer A C, Carmel.

FOR RENT:

The entire Hagemeyer place on Ocean Avenue at Mountain View: studio with attic workshop and garage. 3-room house and bathroom. 2-room cottage. Unfurnished. Very reasonable on long-term lease. Apply Box JH, the Carmelite.

FOR RENT: A warm comfortable house with three bedrooms. Well furnished. Close in. $45.00 a month. ALSO: An attractive small cottage, suitable for one person. $20.00 a month. Apply to Dora Hagemeyer, Woodside Library, Carmel. Phone 655-W.

FOR RENT: A small furnished house in Carmel Woods, enquire Denny and Watrous Studio, Dolores Street near Second.

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES:

WANTED: by a small boy and his mother, a motherly soul as housekeeper. Box Q, Carmelite Office. Telephone 717.

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